

The Longing Shepherdess:

O. R,

LADY lie near me.

To the Tune of, Lady lie near me, Or, the green garter.



A LL in the Month of May,
When all things blossom,
As in my bed I lay
Keep it grew loathsome:
Up I rose and did walk
over yon Mountains, (Dales
Through Mountains & through
over Rocks and Fountains,
I heard a voice to say
Sweet-heart come clear me,
Thou hast been long away
Lady lye near me.

Down by yon River yde
and surgins billows,
A pleasant Grove I spide
well set with willows;
In it a Shepherdess
singing most clearly,
And still her note it was,
Lady lye near me,
Come away do not stay, &c.

Sweet-heart thou stayst too long
Phebus is watching,
Aurora with her sted,
is fast approaching:
She doth her chariot mount
which much do fear me,
Each year a year I count
till you lye near me:
Come away do not stay
sweet-heart and clear me,
Thou hast been long away
Lady lye near me.

Hymen keeps holy day
Love take thy pleasure,
Cupid hath thrown away
his Bow and Quiver;
Boeas doth gently blow
Leafe I should fear him,
But dare I not to stay
alone to hear him.
Come away, &c.

The Longing Shepherdess:

O. R,

LADY lie near me.

To the Tune of, Lady lie near me, Or, the green garter.



A LL in the Month of May,
When all things blossom,
As in my bed I lay
Keep it grew loathsome:
Up I rose and did walk
over yon Mountains, (Dales
Through Mountains & through
over Rocks and Fountains,
I heard a voice to say
Sweet-heart come clear me,
Thou hast been long away
Lady lye near me.

Down by yon River yde
and surgins billows,
A pleasant Grove I spide
well set with willows;
In it a Shepherdess
singing most clearly,
And still her note it was,
Lady lye near me,
Come away do not stay, &c.

Sweet-heart thou stayst too long
Phebus is watching,
Aurora with her sted,
is fast approaching:
She doth her chariot mount
which much do fear me,
Each year a year I count
till you lye near me:
Come away do not stay
sweet-heart and clear me,
Thou hast been long away
Lady lye near me.

Hymen keeps holy day
Love take thy pleasure,
Cupid hath thrown away
his Bow and Quiver;
Boeas doth gently blow
Leafe I should fear him,
But dare I not to stay
alone to hear him.
Come away, &c.



DId not Adonis like
Sweet-heart by from me,
For careful I will be
as doth become me,
Both of my flock and thine
whilst they are feeding.
Dear is my love to thee
as is exceeding.
Come away, &c.

I may sing welladay
my joys are ended,
The hour of my approach
is almost spended:
My Parents will me miss,
and Swains will ier me,
Thus still her note it was,
Lady lye near me:
Come away, &c.

She had no sooner spoke
but her true Lover,
Pier to her did approach
her grief to smother:
Hearing thy mone my sweet,
I came to chear thee,
And will before I part;
drest lie near me:
Be not sad, I am glad
that I did hear thee,
And what as can be had'
shouse have to chear thee.

No cost that I will spare,
so to content thee,
Junkets the best that are,
they shall be sent thee:
The chiefest I can get,
and best Canary,
Then do not sweet-heart sit
so solitary.
Be not sad, &c.

I hate to bear the mind
of a base peasant,
Thou still shalt find me kind
Partridge and Pheasant,
Butchers meat is but gross
fair that is dainty,
For thee my loving Lass
we will have plenty,
Be not sad, &c.

Adonis like to probe
that were so cruel,
To one so dear I love
the richest jewel;
I do not estimate
like thie my sweeting,
I in my heart will hate
so to be flæting.
Be not sad, &c.

The time we're I pass away,
Hisozies reading,
Whil'st our flock day by day;

gently are feeding:
And on my Daten-Kerd
Love to requite this,
Care away I will play
so to delight thee.
Be not sad, &c.

The birds with their sweet
cheerfully singing, (notes)
Also will thee delight,
contentment bringing:
Whose pleasant Harmony
from them resounding,
Still will delightful be,
most sweetly sounding.
Be not sad, &c.

Though I myself am absent,
and sometimes leave thee,
To work thy discontent
let nothing grieve thee,
But merry be sweet-heart
till my returning.
Alone my dear thou art
then cease thy mourning;
For I will still be kind
always to chear thee,
And so to cease thy mind,
I will be neer thee.

F I N I S. R. G.
Printed for F. Co'es, T. Vere,
and J. Wright,